The Semi-Weekly Miner.

VOLUME 5. BUTTE, MONTANA: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882. WHOLE NO. 303.

Historical Society X

SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

Published Every Wednesday and Saturday Mornings,

—BY THE—

Miner Publishing Company.

H. T. BROWN, : : : : : : : Business Manager

TERMS—BY MAIL:

One copy one month.....$ 50
One copy six months.....3 00
One copy twelve months.....5 00

Delivered by Carrier, 50 cts. per month; payable to the Carrier each month.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application.

Some Whims of Authors.

Temple Bar.

Carneades, the philosopher, seldom wrote without dosing himself with hellebore. Aschylus, Eupolis, Cratinus, Ennius are said never to have sat down to compose till they were intoxicated. Fuseli, ate raw meat to assist, he said, his imagination. Shadwell, De Quincey, Psalmanazar, Dean Milner, Coleridge, and Bishop Horsley, stimulated themselves with opium, as De Musset was hopeless without absinthe. Gray seldom sat down to compose without first reading through some cantos of the "Fiery Queen." Cornelle fired himself with the perusal of "Lucan." Blackstone never wrote witkout a bottle of port wine on his desk, nor Schiller without a flask of Rhenish within call. When his imagination was sluggish he would sit down with his feet in hot water, drinking coffee "to thaw the frost on his wits." Montaigne was never happy without his cat, and with his pen in his right hand while his left was smoothing the glossy back of his favorite tabby, meditated his "Essays." Boxborne, the great Dutch scholar, could never write a word without a pipe in his mouth, and as he preferred a long pipe and yet required the use of both hands, he bethought him of a very ingenions device. He had a hat with an enormous brim, which impended in front of his face; through this he made a hole to support his pipe thus securing the double advantage of shading his eyes and enjoying without inconvenience his favorite luxury, and in this way he produced his voluminous and valuable writings. Hobbes had the same weakness, "ten or twelve pipes with a candle" being his invariable concomitants at the desk, and Dr. Parr was not less dependent on tobacco. Southey could never write a line except at his desk, with his books around him and with familiar objects near by. Milton could, he said, never compose anything to his satisfaction except between the vernal and autumnal equinox. At those seasons his poetry came like an inspiration. At other times, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, he would be unable to bring to birth a single verse. Thomson, Collins, and Gray had the same superstition about themselves. Johnson, with his usual bluff common sense, ridicules such such fancies, and calls them unworthy of any sensible man—the good doctor's theory being that a man who had the power of writing always could write "if he set himself doggedly to it." William Prynne, the voluminous author of the "Histriomastrix" was nothing "without a long quilted cap which came an inch over his eyes." Buffon was helpless without a spotless shirt and starched frill. Still stranger were the whims of Graham, the author of "The Sabbath," and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, if we are to believe De Quincey, found Irish vein never ran happily unless the sat down to their tasks with boots and spurs on. An eminent modern novelist finds his pen and imagination powerless unless he sits surrounded by lighted candles in a darkened room, and Horace Walpole tells us that Lord Orrery found no stimulus so efficacious as a sharp fit of the gout. The great Dutch scholar, Isaak Vossius, and our poet, John Philipps, would employ a servant to comb their hair while they meditate their works. Coleridge told Hazlitt that when engaged in composition he never found his vein so happy as when walking over uneven ground, or making his way through a copice with the twigs brushing his face. Wordsworth, on the other hand, preferred a straight gravel walk where he could wander mechanically and without any impediment to and fro; in this way almost all his latter poems were composed. Lord Bacon had a fancy for inhaling the fumes of a bottle of claret poured out on earth which had been newly upturned.

Beaten by Chicago.

A Toledo commercial traveler who has been opening up a new route in Indiana, recently encountered one dealer who didn't think he had better change his custom. He had been dealing with a Chicago house for several years, and he had no fault to find.

"I can make you brooms for $— per dozen," urged the Toledan.

"Yes, but Chicago beats that.

"Now's — cents a pound for starch?"

"Oh, Chicago beats that."

"I'll sell you good tea by the chest for — cents."

"That's pretty fair, but Chicago beats that."

"Our house will give you four months' credit."

"Chicago's ahead of that."

The traveler couldn't mention a thing that Chicago didn't beat, and at last, despairing of receiving an order, he remarked:

"I did think of stopping over Sunday and going to church, but it seems"—

"Oh, it's no use trying that on," interrupted the dealer. "The agent of a Chicago house has been running our choir over a year, and a Cincinnati house has already agreed to send us on Sunday school library! May be you can do something in the next town, but we're chock full here and wouldn't touch a Toledo house unless it promised us a twenty-acre lot for a new graveyard.—*Detroit Press.*

Bob Ingersoll and Queen Victoria.

Bob Ingersoll having been accused of slandering Queen Victoria, a reporter asked him about it the other day and received the following reply:

"I have never said a word against Victoria. The fact is I am not acquainted with her—never met her in my life, and know but little of her. I never happened to see her 'in plain clothes reading the Bibble to the poor in the lane'—neither did I ever hear her sing. I most cheerfully admit that her reputation is good in the neighborhood where she resides.

"In one of my lectures I drew a parallel between George Eliot and Victoria. I was showing the difference between a woman who won her position in the world of thought and one who was Queen by chance. This is what I said:

"It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satified with being the Emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head—he wanted some evidence that he had something of value in his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Cæsar, that he might become a member of the French Academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes no longer tower above their fellows. Compare King William with the philosopher Haeckel. The king is one of the 'anointed by the Most High'—as they claim—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Haeckel, who towers an intellectual Colossus above the crowned modiocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The Queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius."

The Modern Flirt.

But, while every flirt perhaps looks to marriage as her ultimate aim and object, there are many who take a continued delight in the varied excitements of the pursuit itself; and, preferring the light entanglements of a warm and tender intercourse to the binding fetters of a premature engagement, will try and play with many a proffered love, before they find that their own has gone from them into the keeping of some strong wooer, who has conquered at last. These, of course, are the most dangerous flirts, who are pointed out as social offenders, because they do not spare their powers of drawing men from allegiance to old, and perhaps regretted, ties, and of disconcerting premeditated family arrangements; and no doubt they must leave behind them some broken hopes and wounded hearts along their paths of pleasure and ways of pleasantness. But, after all, such as these are the perpetual penalties of the love-chase; add the men who may have been even heartlessly jilted by a flirt do not usually undergo any long-protracted suffering, but are easily consoled, like wounded heroes, by the condolence and sympathetic affection of some more tender-hearted rival. But if the issue of her game of courtship, in which her affections happen to be chiefly engaged, should go against the flirt, she bears all the blame and meets with little sympathy. The tongue of scandal is unsparing in its moral strictures, and if she sinks beneath the social storm her rivals perhaps rejoice over her discomfiture; while even her admirers, who used to flatter her, will miss her bright presence for a day or two and then forget her in the ceaseless whirl of society.—*London Life.*

The Manly Art.

"Some people have a prejudice against the kind of exercise which I teach," said a noted boxer and athlete to the writer, "but they do not realize that if more men knew how to use their hands and less to use a pistol, there would be fewer homicides." Come to think of it, there is a good deal in this remark. Men who carry pistols or knives or both do not do so for the deliberate purpose of some day taking human life, but they are impelled to it through a want of confidence in their ability to come off best in a battle which involves skill and physical powers only. A man who knows he is a good boxer feels safer without a pistol than with one, except to protect himself or his house against burglars, or for some use of that kind. He knows that for protection on the streets it is generally the worst thing a person can carry, for an attempt to use it or a motion to get it gives the adversary a great advantage by instantly putting the law on his side. Those who carry no weapons but rely upon their skill in the manly art seldom bring serious trouble upon themselves or disgrace upon their families. A knock-down or two does no one any very great harm, and difficulties which cannot be settled amicably and must needs result in personal encounters might far better be adjusted that way than by a resort to deadly weapons. We believe that if more men were good boxers fewer would carry pistols and there would be less shooting scrapes. This is the result, at least, in places where the manly art is cultivated. Whether the general carrying of deadly weapons on this coast has directed attention from the other mode of self-defense, or whether a lack of interest in the latter has resulted in the former, we are not prepared to say. But it is clear that society wants less pistol business, and as a great many men cannot get along in the world without letting loose their innate pugnacity once in a while, it might not be a bad idea to encourage the least harmful mode of encounters.—*Stockton Mail.*

Ex-Treasurer Spinner, who is now 80 years of age, perfected his famous autograph when he was a young man, working at harness-making in Herkimer, N. Y. He practiced writing it hour after hour, and his old parter said a year or two ago that he had seen as much as 200 sheets of foolscap covered with the attempt.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Debate on the Anti-Polygamy Bill.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Brown moved to amend so as to require that not more than three shall be of the same political party.

Call maintained that the power to revise the acts of the elective officers was properly belonging to the courts and for the board to say who should constitutue the legislature would be un-republican and farcical.

Edmunds replied that the board would have no power to decide as to the qualification of electors.

Vest replied that the seventh section of the bill declaring polygamists ineligible to office or suffrage, proposed to take away the rights of citizens of the United States for past offenses without trial or conviction for the offense. The Senator from Delaware (Bayard) had said that territorial reorganization was analagous to original organization when Congress has the right to impose such conditions as were now proposed, but he (Vest) denied there was any analogy. The doctrine that the right to vote and hold office in America when once offered should be taken away was something he had never known to be broached before and he denounced it as an arbitrary, despotic and unconstitutional declaration. He was opposed to polygamy but in his abhorance of it he would be careful not to strike down the safeguards of personal liberty.

Garland said it was complained that the provisions of the bill were severe and rough but he would say they were so intended to be and they were nevertheless sanctioned by precedents and the organic law with the grant of power given to congress to make all needful rules and regulations respecting territories which gave it unlimited control of the territories. Let it go to the world, he added, that congress recognizes the organization of a territory founded upon the theory that one man is inspired by God for a certain purpose and we may burn our statute books and give full license to the inspirations of the Guiteaus everywhere. So long as it retaines its distinctive features the Utah government could not by any possibility be republican.

The discussion continued at some length.

The motion for an executive session was lost.

Several efforts were made to secure an arrangement for a vote on the bill, interspersed with motions to adjourn. It was finally arranged that the measure should be proceeded with immediately after the morning business to-morrow, and the debate closed at 5:30. Upon this understanding Edmunds consented to an adjournment.

An amended bill favoring the admission of Dakota will be favorably reported to the House.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Cox, from the Committee on auditing the expense arising from the illness and death of President Garfield, reported a bill granting a pension of $5,000 per year to Mrs. Garfield, which passed.

Bills reported:

By Carlisle, from Committee on Ways and Means, to regulate the collection of the tax on Weiss beer. Referred to Committee of the Whole.

By Burrows, from the Committee on Territories, a bill for the admission of Dakota into the Union as a State. Placed upon House calendar.

By Hooker, from the Committee on Indian Affairs, to provide additional training schools for Indian youths. Placed upon House calendar.

By Donnell, from Committee of Ways and Means, a bill fixing the term of office of Collectors of Internal Revenue at four years. Placed upon House calendar.

Horr reported adversely from the Committee of Civil Service Reform, the bill to reduce the salaries of heads of Departments and Members of Congress. Referred to Committee of the Whole.

Washington Gossip.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The Senate in executive session this afternoon had read and referred the nominations received during the past two days. The military committee unanimously reported back the nomination of Major Rochester for Paymaster General of the army favorably. The committee, after investigation, exonerated Rochester from all responsibility for the defalcation of Paymaster Hodge. The committee declare that Rochester followed the usual custom of the department in passing upon Hodge's paper, and that his record as an officer is excellent.

A member of the ways and means committee said to-day that he had no doubt the committee will report in favor of reducing the tax on whisky and tobacco, but did not believe the reduction will be as much as suggested. He thought the whisky tax will be reduced to about 70 cents. His idea is that the committee will first agree to cut down internal taxation by certain figures and then apportion the reduction among the various articles which bear that tax.

Death of a Philanthropist.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 16.—Joseph E. Sheffield, founder of the Sheffield scientific school connected with Yale College, died this morning. He was connected with several railroad and mining enterprises, and was a man of great wealth and very liberal in its use.

Convention of Stock Men.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—The cattle men of Texas met in convention at Austin yesterday. A resolution was adopted asking the Legislature to repeal the stock inspection law, which has caused much trouble to stock raisers.

A Conservative Elected.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—In the parliamentary election at Taunton the conservatives defeated the liberal conservatives.

EADS ANTAGONIZED.

A Grant at the Head and Tail of the List of His Opponents.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The *Post*'-Washington special says: There are indications that the opponents of Captain Eads' ship railway project are endeavoring to give new energy to the Nicarauguan scheme, with the view not only to defeat Eads' plan, but to advance their own.

The general subject of a maratime company will be referred in the Senate to Miller, of California, as a sub-committee, while in the House Rosecrans has introduced a bill to incorporate the Nicarauguan company with a rather formidable list of incorporators. Among the names of this last are those of U. S. Grant, E. D. Morgan, Hugh Jewell, W. R. Garrison, Fred. Billings, Geo. B. Loring, James R. Keene, E. F Beale, Daniel Ammen, Geo. F. Baker, Wm. H. Barnum, A. G. Monocal and U. S. Grant, Jr. These incorporators represent some very large railroad interests, and include some prominent capitalists They will ask Congress to guarantee to that company for the period of twenty years from the time of the completion of the canal, the net proceeds of the traffic which shall not be less than 3 per cent. upon the capital stock, which is to be not less than $50,000,000; in other words, the incorporators request the government to insure them from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000 per annum. Notwithstanding all these antagonistic movements, Eads boasts that he will receive a favorable report from the commission.

White Sulphur Springs.

I understand that the County Commissioners have at last decided to make a move in the direction of a court house—a good move.

The jail is progressing rapidly. The logs are on the ground and hewed on three sides. When completed the log jail will be an ornament to the town as a "nigger" school house, but not as a prison.

Cattle and sheep men wear smiling countenances. The hills are bare, the stock fat, the weather delightful, and consequently the stockmen are happy.

The Amateur Dramatic Company of this place will make its first appearance Thursday evening, 16th inst., and on the following evening there will be a grand masquerade ball under the auspices of the Good Templars. It is, I believe, the first in Meagher county.

A bridal party left here this morning for the Capital. While I wish them all the pleasures this world affords, some of the boys express a wish that they may lose their way.—*Cor. Hel. Independent.*

Mrs. Scoville Writes to Mrs. Garfield.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A morning paper has this:

"CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—A long letter has been sent by Mrs. Scoville to Mrs. Garfield, assuring her that Guiteau was not his own master when he fired the shot, and begging her to forgive him even as Christ shall forgive us all. Both the martyred President and his family having shown such Christian fortitude she hoped that the sense of wrong would be tempered with mercy. It is throughout a succession of pious adjurations and piteous appeals to Mrs. Garfield to forgive the "crazy man that shot her husband." For the insane boy she cannot but feel a sister's love, even though he is condemned and despised by the whol world."

The Senate After Mormonism.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A Washington special to the *Mail and Express* says the discussion in the senate yesterday points to the passage to-day of the bill to suppress Mormonism. It is evident that something severe on this matter is now intended at this session by both houses and whatever bill is passed the President will sign. Never before was there so much feeling exhibited and the Mormon delegate from Utah is almost distracted with the situation.

Loss of Life by a Boiler Explosion.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—At the boiler explosion to-day at Jewell's flour mill, Fulton street, opposite the Fulton ferry, Brooklyn, Gilbert Stephens, engineer, was killed and Gideon G. Baldwin, pilot of the Fulton ferry boat, Fulton, had a leg broken by a flying piece of timber. A miller named Kohn had his scalp taken entirely off. Loss unknown.

King of the Carnival.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16.—At the Eighth Annual Pageant of the Knights of Momus to-night there were sixteen magnificent tableaux, mounted on cars. Monday night the King of the Carnival makes his triumphant entry into the city.

Sullivan's Money.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A large crowd assembled this morning at Harry Hill's to see the winnings of the late prize fight between Sullivan and Ryan paid the victor. A dispatch was received from Sullivan announcing he could not be in the city before the sixth of March.

The Pope's Letter.

ROME, Feb. 16.—The Pope addressed a very grave letter to the Italian bishops commanding them, in view of the dangers surrounding the church to increase their activity, to encourage Catholic societies among the laity and to develop the Catholic press.

A Lesson to a Novelist.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—The civil tribunal of the Seine has given judgment against Emile Zola, the novelist, for using the name of a real personage in his novel.

AN ENGLISH "PUBLIC."

How the Country Folk Treat Americans—A Drinking Custom.

It was on a soft evening in summer that I found my way into the Bowness "public." The low front door was open, and through it and the red curtained windows on either side the light shone brightly on the churchyard wall, and, throwing the church itself the more deeply into the shadow, made the scene all the more picturesque and attractive. As we entered the little hallway I noticed that the apartment to the left was used for what is known as "the tap-room," while that on the right might be called the sitting or drinking room. It was an odd place. It was wainscotted all around. In the middle and occupying nearly every foot of the space was a table, uncovered, but scrubbed clean and almost white. Entirely around it, and fastened to the wainscotting was a narrow wooden bench. There was just room enough between this and the table for a good-sized man to pass. It did not seem a comfortable seat, yet the dozen sturdy fellows in the room, three or four of them having their wives with them, looked the picture of contentment. As we entered, the whole company started in some astonishment at the sensibly inquisitive American girl who was bent on seeing "just what an English tavern was like, but in a moment their inborn good breeding seemed to get the better of their curiosity, and a round-headed fellow who sat at the head of the tabe said quietly:

"Just make a bit o' room there, lads," and were soon seated as though we belonged to the party. Then, having time to look about, I found that the company was made up almost exclusively of farm- ands, with here and there a small gardener and his wife. They might in one sense be called very common people; but be that as it may, it remains that they were uncommonly well behaved, good natured and polite to strangers. Curiously enough, they were talking about America—talking very much as though they all belonged to one family and were discussing some subject of mutual interest. I ordered from the trim young woman who was in attendance a portion of ale served in a light brown earthen vessel, which looked for all the world like an overgrown tea-cup—the rest were drinking out of the same—and listened.

"Aye," said the old man at the head of the table, seeming to take up the conversation where it had been interrupted. "Aye, he writ the letter from what's called Connecticuf, a county, I venture." "No, it be a State," broke in one of the younger and better informed listeners, and the old man continued, evidently somewhat annoyed: "Well, county, or State, it be called Connecticut, and he writ the letter from there; an' if ye like I'll let Georgie there, he have young eyes, reads it up."

"Aye, do," "Let's have it," "Read it up, Georgie," cried a number of voices and "Georgie," a bright young fellow, who seemed not all unmindful of his importance, took the letter and did as he was asked. The communication was evidently from a young farmer who had gone to America to better his condition and who had not succeeded as well as he had hoped. It seemed to be wonderfully interesting to those who heard it, and from the comments which were made upon it there could be no doubt that most of those present had already, in one way or other, thought deeply of trying their fortunes in the far-away land from which it came. One portion of it which seemed to particularly interest them was so apt, discriminating and sensible, that its substance, if not its words may be quoted as follows:

"As to wages, the hands here get about a pound a week of our money, which, you will say, is better than the 12 or 15 shillings paid at home. It seems to be, but you can't buy much more with it, and as for eating, we have it a great deal better at home. What do you say to no allowance for ale money, and no ale or drink of any sort? That's the way it is here. When I think of the fine bacon and eggs at home, the big wnack of cheese and bread, with beer, for lunch, that even old Blank (a close local farmer) would give, the fine hot meat for dinner, and the pot of beer with the supper at night, it just makes my mouth water. But these are the drawbacks. The advantages are that I can save a little here, and when I get enough I can buy my own land out in the West and raise as I like. But if the lads want my advice I should tell them to stay at home till they have spared a little money. Those who have a good trade and can do the best of work can get along here finely after a bit, but men without a trade, farmers and the like, unless they have money to buy land in the West, had better drown themselves in the lake than come to America."

Of course no better or sounder advice than most of this could be given, yet it is very doubtful if the people around the table fully appreciated or were ready to act upon it. Still they listened to the reading of the letter with the utmost attention, and when it was finished, "Georgie" was called upon to repeat and explain more than one portion of it. This done, however, the majority of them seemed to tire of the emigration problem, and one muscular fellow, who from the first seemed in some sort to regard our presence as an intrusion, turned to me, and with the utmost coolness and a blankness of face as thoroughly English as it is absolutely indescribable, he said

"Your missus don't drink nothing."

The words were harmless enough, but from the manner of the man and the looks of the women, who still sat with mugs of ale before them, it was only too evident that our American who would go into an English tavern, had, in refusing to drink beer, committed what was regarded as a serious breach of the peace. No one objected to her going in, but there could be no mistaking the fact that there were certain social customs belonging to the place which all who sat down in it, the gentle even more than the simple, were bound to respect. It did not take a very wise man to understand this, and I lost no time in explaining, in as pleasant a tone as possible, that we were from America—from that very land far across the sea of which they had been talking. In an instant there was the greatest change in the manner of every one present. Even the sullen man who had found fault with the temperance proclivities of "the missus," smiled kindly on the strangers. One of the women, a red-faced, good natured looking dame, exclaimed: "La, now, who would have thought it?" and really seemed to believe that there was pressing occasion for a tear or two, while the old man at the head of the table "The Chair" they called him, stretching out his strong arm, exclaimed:

"Give us yer hand, lad, give us yer hand; there be no offence meant, and ye be right welcome."

It is needless to say that the next "round" of brown beer was drank to the health of the land faraway. I left the tavern when this duty had been done, but to this day have in liveliest recollection the honest-hearted, smiling-faced "country folk" who were so ready to resent what they believed was a breach of social etiquette, and who the moment after were more than ready to give a cordial welcome to strangers in a strange country.

Climbing the hill toward the hotel, we looked out through the trees upon the bright waters of Windermere. The moon shone through the soft summer mist, the hills across the lake assumed shadowy and mysterous forms, changing and rechanging as the gray clouds floated over them. Out on the waters light boats darted here and there, the old bell in the steeple of the parish church slowly told that the hour was ten, and from the snug little tavern the jolly company of English yeomen sang one last chorus before they went home for the night.—*Howard Carroll in New York Times.*

A Miserable Broiling Town.

We landed into Egypt, knowing that our time would suffice for a little more than the booked from Alexandria to Suez, as we were passage for the Persian Gulf by the steamship Canara of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which was expected in the Suez canal from London almost any day. It was therefore no cause for surprise when, on the third day of our stay in Cairo, we received telegrams advising us to proceed to Suez, as the ship was already at Port Said. Our train left Cairo towards noon, and stopped at the Zagazig junction, amid a confusion of trains and a multitude of noisy tongues, for a late lunch or dinner, and about sundown we ran into Ismailiya, midway on the canal. Thence to Suez, nearly three hours' ride, the railway closely follows the line of the Fresh Water Canal, sometimes passing near De Lesseps's highway, but over territory struggling between the arid desert and the narrow belt of partial fertility imbibed from scanty touches of the Nile in the Fresh Water Canal by which the Suez is supplied. No conveyance of any description met the train at Suez, so we were compelled to tramp through the dark, unpaved, dusty streets to the hotel on the coast, followed by a squad of chattering coolies bearing the luggage. Suez is a miserable, broiling town with a foul bazaar and rapacious venders of coral and mother-of-pearl. The terminal works of the Suez Canal, the artificial harbor and the associations of the Exodus comprise its capital for the entertainment of travelers. It was near here the Israelites are believed to have crossed the Red Sea, and a few miles distant, on an oasis in the Arabian Desert, are the brackish springs bearing the names of Moses, the largest of which tradition has marked as that which he called forth from the rock with his rod. Here, too, is the treasures of Ophir were transshipped to Jerusalem and Tyre, and here, as well, the sands of two great continents greet each other in burning silence.—*Cor. Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Flying Newspaper.

The *Railway Journal*, a newspaper containing the latest intelligence, is printed and published daily in the trains running between New York and San Francisco. All the news with which its columns are filled is telegraphed from different parts of the States to certain stations on the line, there collected by the editorial staff traveling on the train and set up, printed and circulated among the subscribing passengers while the iron-horse is persistently traversing plains and valleys, crossing rivers and ascending mountain ranges. Every morning the traveler may have his newspaper served up with his coffee, and thus keep himself informed of all that is going on in the wide world during a seven-day journey covering over 3,000 miles of ground. He who pays his subscription at New York, which he can do at the railway ticket office at an elevation of some 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, is most assuredly a performance worthy of conspicuous record.

Report of the Indian Commission

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The result of the Indian labor during the past twelve years, since the beginning of the peace policy, the Board of Indian Commissioner says, shows an increase in the products of the soil by Indian labor of nearly twelve fold, and at this rate of progress it is confidently predicted the time is not far distant when all semi-civilized Indians will be self-supporting and the few tribes that remain wild and savage, will soon follow their example. The report closes as follows:

"We have no new measures to recommend. We simply urge persistent adherence to the peace policy, which means government by law, homestead rights and education."